

## D. M. Greer, Sportsman

LUCY KAUFMAN

David McCawley Greer extended a tanned and exquisitely proportioned hand to the gleaming silver cigarette box and withdrew a cigarette with the casual facility for which he was so admired. Then to complete this remarkably adroit gesture he smiled a particularly disarming smile, with only the barest trace of a sneer in it, at Mrs. Celia Haven Morsell, who after countless endeavors had at last succeeded in engaging David in conversation and whom he intensely despised. The fortunate dowager, ecstatic at being so favored by such an enviable and esteemed young man, reciprocated with an expression which might also have been interpreted as a smile, although somewhat less disarming than that bestowed upon her.

"But you know, Celia, steeplechasing is really *quite* jolly and not at all as dangerous as you suppose." David's voice as well was smooth.

"One must realize, naturally, that certain inconveniences, certain accidents—" Here he paused to lend his words significance. "might occur, but fear is unknown to the true sportsman. I remember in '41 Aladore was running against me. Damn good horse! I was on Run And Carry that day, and I felt sure we didn't have a ghost of a chance. Well, we got off, and Aladore pushed to the lead. Run And Carry was just behind him in second place, but things seemed rather unfortunate, because I couldn't move up. We came to the third brush jump, and John, you know, John Hollingsworth, took Aladore in too fast — didn't rate him at all. Of course they fell on the other side. Well, as I said, we were directly in back of them, and at such a speed it's almost impossible to stop

a horse. Besides, I wanted that race, so I had no alternative. I was forced to take the jump and the chance that we would clear Aladore and John. I couldn't see them; neither could the horse, as they were on the other side. By the grace of God we made it, with a few tense moments, however. Not that I was afraid for myself, but I was distressed at the thought of falling on those two in front of me. A horse with a broken leg isn't a very attractive picture, nor a man with a broken neck. I've seen both."

The chime of laughter and the purr of gossip which was mewed through ambiguous flattery, as it often is among well-bred people, ceased. Except for David's voice the room was quiet. Each eye was upon him; each soul was enrapt by him, and Mrs. Morsell's monopoly had been infringed upon. Reluctantly, she returned him to his adoring disciples.

As David concluded he leaned forward, delicately flicking an ash from his cigarette. Then with a movement that suggested both ennui and intensity he covered his eyes with his beautifully shaped hands as though the anecdote had unhappily conjured up an unendurable memory of all the broken legs and necks he had ever seen.

As usual, at precisely the right moment, which was, specifically, when David felt that the enthralled group could enjoy his presence for at least another hour before the first rapture disappeared, he executed a gallant departure. "He had spent a superlatively enchanting evening, Yes, he would join Steve Gardner for lunch, and of course he would be happy to dine at Mrs. Morsell's the following day.



The heavy door was softly closed behind him, and David stepped into a darkness, pricked by the glint of streetlamps. He walked quickly down the sidewalk for about three blocks and paused before a drugstore where he intended to buy a package of cigarettes. As he was about to enter, a small man, ancient and disheveled, limped toward him.

"Oh Mr. Greer, wait a minute, will you?" The tone was plaintive.

"I beg your pardon," replied David.

"Don't you remember? I took care of Run And Carry for you. I'm the one he

kicked, here —" The man pointed to his leg. "I'm out of a job, and say," The man was painfully embarrassed. "Would you lend me five dollars?"

"Yes," said David, hurriedly producing the money from his wallet.

"Gee, thanks, Mr. Greer. I'll pay it back, honest. It's just that I've gotten a couple of bad breaks. You know how it is."

"Of course," the other man answered sympathetically. "I understand."

And as he limped away, David turned toward the drugstore and smiled, a particularly disarming smile, with only the barest trace of a sneer in it.

## Saturday Night Date

MARY CHAPPELL

She adjusted her hat and stuck in the pin which held it securely to the back of her head. He would arrive any minute now, and, she thought philosophically, whatever else she was, she was punctual. She admired herself in the mirror — a nicely proportioned figure in her little suit, good legs, and dark red hair that hung loosely beneath her black hat. Under her short veil her face was peach-colored and smiling. She whirled about playfully in front of the mirror. No wonder he was proud of her! It amused her to see him try not to smile pridefully at his friends when they saw him with her. He was such a simple person! Then she began to be amused with her own vanity. It was strange that a boy like Ed could please her with his flattery; it was strange that she should go out with him. She knew well that if he wore civilian clothes she would never have noticed him. Oh well, it was war, and you went out with almost anyone

who would take you out. At any rate Ed was a sweet boy, even if his English sometimes made her wince.

As her thoughts took a more serious turn her smile disappeared. Momentarily the corners of her mouth drooped, and in her eyes there was a pained expression. No, she just *couldn't* go out with him again. In that moment she couldn't bear the thought of being with him—big and sloppy and almost stupid, with that silly adoring puppy-dog look in his eyes. He was so far below her! But no time for this because here he was, and she could overhear her mother talking to him in the living room. Poor boy, she thought such hard things about him, and he was so good to her! She must be kind to him.

As they walked through the downtown streets she wondered to herself how it was that he never looked as nice in khaki as other men. Maybe it was because he was big and sloppy and looked that way in